

JENNY *and* MEGGY.

A

PASTORAL.

Being a SEQUEL to

Patie and Roger.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.



EDINBURGH,

Printed for the AUTHOR, at the *Mer-*
cury, opposite to the Cross-Well, 1723.

JENNIFER AND MEGGY.

PASTORAL

Being a REQUERRE to

Patric Rogers



DR ALAN RAMSAY

EDINBURGH

Printed for the AUTHOR by the Messrs
Gordon and Son, 17, Cross Street, 1773.



MEGGY and JENNY.

PASTORAL.

SEQUEL to Patie and Roger.

JENNY.

COME, Meg, let's fa to Wark upo' this Green;

The shining Day will bleech our Linnen clean;

The Water's clear, the Lift unclouded blew

Will make them, like a Lilly, wet with Dew,

MEGGY.

Go farer up the Burn, to *Habie's* How,

Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Summer grow;

And, 'tween twa Birks, out o'er the little Lin,

The Water fa's, and makes a finging Din:

A Pool Breast deep, beneath as clear as Glass,

Kisses withcafy Whirles the Bordering Gra ss

We'll end our Washing, while the Morning's cool;
 And, when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
 There wash our fells:-- 'Tis healthfou' now in May,
 And unco cauler on fac warm a Day.

J E N N Y.

DAFT Lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 If our twa Herds come bratling down the Brae,
 And see us sae?-- That jeering Follow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Haith Lasses ye're no blate.

M E G G Y.

WE'RE far frae ony Road and out of Sight,
 And for the Lads, they'll no be hame till Night,
 They feed this Day a Mile beyont the Height.
 But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
 What gars ye plague your Woer with Disdain.
 The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
 That Roger loes ye, yet ye care na by.
 What ails ye at him; trowth atween us twa,
 He's wordy you the best Day e're ye saw.

J E N N Y.

I dinna like him, Meggy, there's an End,
 A Herd mair sheepish, yet I never kend.

He

He kames his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug;
 With Ribon Knots at his blew Bonnet Lug,
 Whilk pensily he wears a Thought a jee,
 And spreads his Garters dic'd beneath his Knee.
 He falds his Owrlay down his Breast with Care;
 And few gangs nicer to the Kirk or Fair;
 For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
 Except, *How d'ye,-- or, There's a bonny Day.---*

MEGGY.

YE dash the Lad with constant slighting Pride;
 Hatred for Love is unco fair to bide;
 But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.---
 What like's a dorty Maiden when she's auld?
 Like dawted Wean, that tarras at its meat,
 And for some feckless Whim will orp and greet;
 The lave laugh at it till the Dinner's past;
 And syne the Fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.

JENNY.

IF Roger is my Jo, he kens himsel;
 For sick a Tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the Cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws.

When

When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're Fools wha Slavery like, that can live free,
 The Chiefs may a' knit up themsel'es for me.

MEGGY.

Be doing your Ways:--- For me me I have a Mind,
 To be as yielding as my *Patie's* kind.

JENNY.

Heh Lads! how can ye-loo that Rattle-Scul,
 A very Deel, that ay maun hae his Will.
 We'll soon hear tell what a poor feighten Life,
 You twa will drive sa soon's ye're Man and Wife.

MEGGY.

I'll rin the Risk, nor hae I ony Fear,
 But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year.
 Till I with Pleasure mount my Bridal Bed;
 Where on my *Patie's* Breast, I'll lean my Head;
 There we may kifs, as lang as Kissing's good;
 And what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
 He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part,
 To give him that, and he'll gi' me his Heart.

JENNY.

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J E N N Y.

He may indeed, for ten or fifteen Days;
Make mikle o' ye, with an unco' Fraife,
And dawt ye baith afore Fowk and ye'r lane:
But soon as his Newfangleness is gane----
He'll look upon ye as his Tether-stake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for ye'r Sake.
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyr,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll flyt;
And may be in his Barlyhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving Wife a lound'ring Lick.

M E G G Y.

Sic course spun Thoughts as these want Pith to move
My settl'd Mind,--- I'm o'er far gane in Love;
Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I fear nae ither Skaith.
There's nane of a' the Shepherds tred the Green
Has sic a Smile, and sic twa glancing Een.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave
And jest at little Things that fright the lave:
In a' he says or does there's sic a Gate,
The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear Pate;
His better Sense will lang his Love secure,
Contention's heff in Sauls are weak and poor.

J E N-

J E N N Y.

HEY! bonny Lads of *Frankfome*, or't be lang
 Your witty *Pate* will put ye in a Sang:
 O'tis a pleasant Thing to be a Bride,
 And whindging Gets about ye'r Ingle-side,
 Yelping for this and that, with fashous Din,
 To make them Brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae Wean faws sick, ane scads himsell wi' Broo,
 Ane breaks his Shin, anither tines his Shoe:
 The Deel gaes o'er *John Webster*: ---Hame grows Hell,
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

M E G G Y.

YES 'tis a heartsome Thing to be a Wife,
 When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rife;
 Gin I'm sae happy I shall have Delight
 To hear their little Complaints, and keep them right.
 Say, *Jenny*, Can there greater Pleasure be
 Than see sic wee Tots toolying at your Knee,
 When a' they ettle at --- their greatest Wish
 Is to be made of, and obtain a Kiss?
 Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
 The like of them, when Love makes Care delight?

J E N.

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J E N N Y.

Bu t Poortith Meggy is the warst of a',
 If o'er your Heads ill Chance shou'd Beggery draw;
 There's little Love, or canty Chear can come
 Frae dudy Jackets, or a Pantry toom:
 Your Nowt may die --- the Sp cat may bear away
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay,
 The feeding Wreaths of Snaw, or blashy Thows
 May sometimes smoor, and aften rot your Ews.
 A Dyver buys your Butter, Woo and Cheese,
 But, or the Day of Payment, breaks and flies:
 With gloomin Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent,
 Its no to gi'e, your Merchant's to the Bent;
 His Honour manna want, he poonds your Gear,
 Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg be wise, and live a single Life,
 Trough its nae Mows to be a married Wife.

M E G G Y.

MAY sic ill Luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has these Fears, for that was never me;
 Let Fowk bode well, and strive to do their best,
 Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest Father aften say,
 That Lads shou'd a' for Wives that's verteous pray;

For the maist thrifty Man cou'd never get
 A well stor'd Room, unless his Wife wad let:
 Wherefore nought shall be wanting on my Part
 To gather Wealth, to raise my Shepherd's Heart:
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with cautious Care,
 And win a Vogue at Market, Tron and Fair,
 For healsome, clean, cheap and sufficient Ware.
 A Flock of Lambs, Cheefe, Butter and some Woo
 Shall first be sold, to pay the Laird his Due,
 Syne a' behind's our ain, ---- Thus without Fear,
 With Love and Rowth we throw the World will steer:
 And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rife,
 He'll blefs the Day he gat me for his Wife.

J E N N Y.

BUT what if some young Beauty on the Green,
 With dimpl'd Cheeks and twa bewitching Een,
 Shou'd gar your *Patie* think his haf worn *Meg*
 And her kend Kisses hardly worth a Feg.

M E G G Y.

NAE mair of that ---- dear *Jenny*, to be free,
 Men are mair constant aft in Love than we;
 Nor do I thank them for't: Nature mair kind
 Has blest them with a Hardiness of Mind;

And

And whensoe'er they slight their Mates at hame,

It's ten to ane the Wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art

To keep him chearfu' and secure his Heart.

At E'en when he comes weary frae the Hill

I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will.

In Winter when he toils throu' Wind and Rain,

A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane;

And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,

The seething Pot's be ready to tak' aff;

Clean Hagabag I'll spread upon his Boord,

And serve him with the best we can afford.

Good Humour and whyt Bigonets shall be

Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

J E N N Y.

A Dish of married Love richt soon grows cauld,

And dosens down to nane as Fowk grow auld.

M E G G Y.

BuT we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find

The Want of Youth, when Love lyes in the Mind.

Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye

Then ought in Love e'er kend to you and I;

Like

Like yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side,
 Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride,
 Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading Branches are increast,
 And in their Mixture now are fully blest.

J E N N Y.

I've done, --- I yield, dear Laffie I maun yield,
 Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
 With the Assistance of a little Fac
 Lyes darn'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

M E G G Y.

ALAKE! poor Prisoner! Jenny, that's unfair
 That ye'll no let the wee Thing take the Air,
 Hast let him out, we'll tent as well's we can
 If he is Bauldy's or poor Roger's Man.

J E N N Y.

ANITHER Time's as good, --- for see the Sun
 Is right far up, ---- and we're no yet begun
 To freath the Graith ---- If canker'd Madge your Aunt
 Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a winsome Rant
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind,
 For this I find nae Laffs can be unkind.

